EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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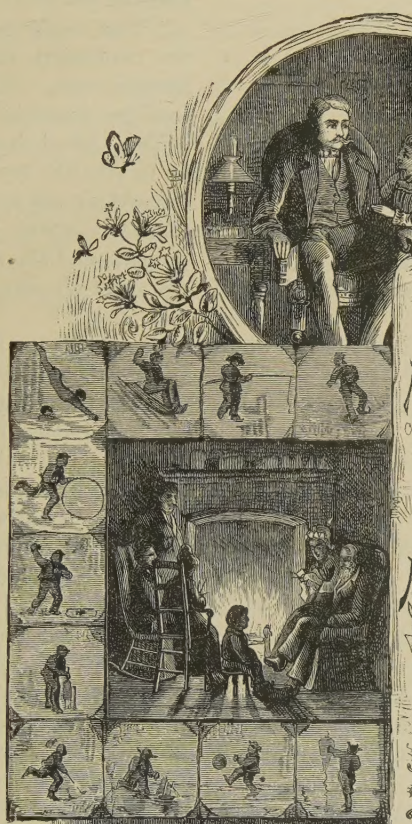


AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little just like her.

Ah, little lips you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering,
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago.

I at my father's fireside sit
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little just like me.

JOHN D. LONG.

EHS

THE RUNAWAYS.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

[Although this story is printed in the type for "Youngest Readers," we give it the place of honor in this number of our paper, and are sure it will please *all* our young readers. — EDITOR.]

TED was lying on the bed in his "nightie." He was alone, and the chamber, though very pleasant, was not at all to his taste; for it was ten o'clock in the morning, and the day was warm and sunny.

But Ted had run away, and was now suffering the penalty for his misconduct.

"Oh, dear me!" he whined, "p'r'aps somebody 'll come. P'r'aps Miss Buckingham 'll come."

Of course nobody answered, for there was nobody there.

"I hope Miss Buckingham *won't* come."

The rocking-chair was silent, and mamma's work-table said never a word.

"She 'd better come to-morrow."

If silence gives consent, the furniture certainly agreed with this remark.

"Oh, dear me!" whined Ted again, rubbing his stockinged feet together. "It 's no fun talking when nobody hears. Let 's see how much room I can take up." And one little foot flew away as far as possible from the other. "I 'd be pretty big, if I reached to here." Then the feet came together again with a *whack*, but they were brave little feet, and did n't mind it.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Ted suddenly, "what are *you* laughing at?"

The words were evidently addressed to the stocking upon the right foot, across the front of which, as he wiggled his five little toes, appeared a long wrinkle, not unlike a smile.

"What are *you* laughing at?" cried Ted again, in pretended anger. "Don't you know better than to laugh, when your father has to go to bed? Come right up here, sir, and be whipped!"

The stocking obeyed with an alacrity which its "*father*" certainly would not have shown, under similar circumstances.

"You 'd *better* come quick when I speak to you," continued the hard-hearted parent; and "slap — slap — slap" went the small hand upon the unfortunate offender, from whose features all traces of emotion of any kind were speedily effaced.

"Now," said Ted, "you go back and take care of your little brother. Don't you let him run away, mind."

The stocking meekly placed itself in close proximity to its fellow, whose countenance, by dexterous turning back of the toes within it, took on an expression of elongated misery.

"Why don't you 'muse your little brother?" cried Ted, severely.

The much-enduring stocking made no reply. The discontent of its neighbor became more and more apparent, and at last a pitiful wail seemed to come from its striped depths.

"He wants to go to walk," cried the "father." "Take him out to walk this minute; but" — with an impressive shake of the small fore-finger — "*don't* you *let* him *run away*."

Both feet disappeared under the bed-clothes, which rose and fell like breakers in a storm.

Suddenly there was a lull; then a little ripple in one corner. The stern parent's face became still sterner, as the unfortunate right foot came slowly up from the depths, alone.

"Where 's your brother?"

No answer.

"D' you let him run away?"

The stocking bowed sadly.

"Go after him this minute."

The stocking lost no time. There was another commotion under the bed-clothes.

"Aha!" cried Ted, "you 've got him. Bring him here."

But both the culprits scampered off, and hid themselves in the blanket.

"If you don't come back in six hours," screamed Ted, "I 'll — I 'll — skin you both. Ding, *one*, — d 'you hear it strike? — ding, *two*, ding, *three*, — you 'd better come, — ding, *four*, ding, *five*, ding, *six*, — *now* you 'll get it!"

Here a fearful scuffling went on under the white counterpane, which waxed indignant at last, and retreated to the floor in disgust. At last the culprits were subdued and brought to the front. Their father remorselessly covered their repentant faces with the pillow, after which he looked about him for a weapon. He could not get off the bed, — that was forbidden, — but mamma's work-table was within reach, and upon it Ted spied her pen-knife conveniently open.

"Such bad boys must have a bad punishment," said he. "You come here."

He looked at the right foot as he spoke, and slowly, slowly the stocking moved toward its fate.

"You 'd *better* be frightened," cried the irate father; and indeed, if we may judge from the contortions of the vigorous little toes, the stocking *was* very much frightened indeed.

"I 'm sorry you have to be skinned, but you 're so bad! Hold still, now," — and nip, nip, nip, went the sharp little blade.

"Your skin 's awful hard to peal off," remarked Ted, while plaintive squeals came thick and fast from the unfortunate sufferer. "It fits pretty tight."

But it was "all peeled off" at last, and the little white foot was bare.

"Now it 's your brother's turn," said the unrelenting parent, with a flourish of the pen-knife. "Come right here, sir. Hurry up."

But just then the door opened and mamma appeared.

"It is eleven o'clock, Teddy," said she. "You may get up now; Miss Buckingham is downstairs."

Miss Buckingham! Ted forgot his refractory children at once. "I thought she 'd better come to-morrow," said he, half pleased, half annoyed. "D' you tell her 'bout me?"

"No," answered mamma, "I did n't tell her about you. But, Teddy, dear," she added, taking his pants from the floor where he had dropped them, "what does *this* mean? What *have* you been doing with the bed-clothes?"

"Nothing, very much," replied Teddy, hanging his head.

"You *won't* run away again, will you?" she continued, forgetting the lesser in the greater evil. "You don't know how it troubles mamma."

Ted looked thoughtful. "If I was glued on to you like my feet are glued on to me, I *could n't* run away, *could* I, mamma?"

"That would be a very inconvenient arrangement," she answered, laughing. "But we must n't stop to talk now. Where 's your foot?"

She held up the right stocking as she spoke; then, noticing that it was wrong side out, she turned it quickly. As she did so, her finger encountered — what?

"A hole in this new stocking!" she exclaimed. Then she held it up to the light, when, lo! a dozen little slits bore witness to the severity of Ted's fatherly discipline.

Mamma looked from the innocent stocking to the open pen-knife upon the bed, then into her boy's crimson face.

"Teddy Ransom! What *does* this mean?"

"I did n't mean to cut 'em," faltered Ted. "'T was my children. Both of 'em was my children. They was naughty, and I — I —"

"What?"

"I skinned him. The other one 's all right, mamma; I skinned the *baddest* first."

But mamma pulled off the other, too; then went to Teddy's drawer, and took from it a pair of faded little hose, at which he looked with dismay.

"That kind don't go on easy, mamma; my feet grew too big."

But she slipped them on with very little trouble.

"They 're all washed out, mamma."

"I can't help that, Teddy. If little boys cut holes in their new stockings, they must wear their old ones."

"But, mamma, I did n't mean to cut *truly* holes," sobbed Teddy. "They was my children, and they was awful naughty, and I had to — I had to — skin 'em."

"What did they do?"

Teddy's face flushed a deeper red, as his tearful eyes sought the carpet.

"What did they do?" asked mamma again.

"They — runned — away —" faltered the little boy, with a fresh burst of tears.

Mamma took him in her lap, and tried to kiss away the salt drops. "You did well to punish them severely," said she, "for it is very, very wrong to run away. But I would n't skin them again, if I were you. I shall keep these old stockings in the drawer, and if your boys ever do so again, we 'll make them wear them. That will be a very good punishment, won't it, Teddy?"

"I d'n know," stammered Ted.

"We 'll try it, and see. But we must make haste. We 're keeping Miss Buckingham waiting."

Five minutes later, Ted was in the arms of his dearly loved friend. Miss Buckingham wisely ignored both tear-stains and stockings, rightly conjecturing that the whole story would be hers in time.

"I don't think they 'll ever be so naughty again," said she, when he had finished, "do you, Teddy?" and she patted the dingy little legs.

"I d'n know," answered Ted, doubtfully.

But as some weeks have now passed, and the striped brothers *have not* run away again, we may venture to hope that Miss Buckingham was right.

OLD SOL. A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. FANNY D. BERGEN.

Old Sol was a big ram that lived on a large farm in Northern Ohio. He was bought by Farmer Bines when about two years old, and turned out in a great pasture where the flock of sheep grazed. In summer-time the cattle belonging to Mr. Bines also fed in this pasture during the day, but at night the little herd was driven home to the barn-yard that the cows might be milked. The oxen, calves, and milch-cows slept here in the barn-yard, and after milking-time in the morning were again taken back to the green pasture. Soon after Sol came to live on the farm he one evening insisted on coming home with the cattle instead of staying with the sheep, where he belonged. It was thought this was some whim that would soon pass away, and as he was a very stubborn and a very strong ram he was allowed to have his own way. But no temporary notion did this prove to be; for Sol persisted week after week in following the cattle, so that finally it became a regular custom, and no attempt was made to keep him with his woolly friends. Another queer but very decided fancy was soon observed in Sol. Among the farm-cattle there was one pretty young heifer that was sometimes greatly imposed upon by the older and stronger cows and oxen. But after Sol attached himself to the herd, Pretty, the heifer, had a gallant defender, and woe be to the bovine bully who molested her! The ram usually walked beside or just behind Pretty, and was always ready to give any offender a taste of his hard forehead, and soon the cattle came to know this and acted accordingly.

One warm morning Mr. Bines's mother went out to the barn-yard quite early to milk. She began milking the heifer first of all. The little flies and gnats which are so troublesome in late summer were very annoying, and caused the cow to stamp from time to time, which was very disagreeable to Mrs. Bines. At last, after a more emphatic stamp than usual, Mrs. Bines reproved Pretty with a very decided "Soh!" There has always been a brief blank in Mrs. Bines's memory since that unfortunate "Soh!" When she recovered consciousness she was lying at the foot of a little hill some yards from where she had sat while milking, her milk-pail empty, and a dull pain in her head. As soon as she could look about, she saw Sol standing near by with lowered head, ready for another attack should she offer to go near his favorite. Keeping her eyes fixed upon those of the ram, who stood quite still, she crept slowly backward till she came to the low fence, near which she had been tossed, and then as soon as she was strong enough to make any effort she quickly caught hold of the fence and sprang over it, only to fall quite exhausted on the grass. Here, safe from Sol, she was obliged to rest a long time before she became able to make her way to the house. As soon as Sol's master learned what had happened, he went out and punished the beast.

You may be sure that from that day as long as he was kept on the farm he was securely chained in the stable every night.

HOW LOVE GROWS.

It is one thing to *know* how we ought to feel, and it is another thing to *feel* as we ought to feel. How can we bring about a proper state of feeling, on our part, to one who deserves a warmer regard than as yet we are able to give to him? If only we can make some sacrifice in his behalf, that in itself will increase our loving interest in him. We love those for whom we have been privileged to perform some helpful service; for love grows through serving. If we do not sufficiently love another for what he has done for us, let us increase our loving interest in him by loving service for him. — *Selected.*

History and Biography.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France, was the daughter of Francis I. and Maria Theresa. She was born at Vienna, November 2, 1755.

She possessed much grace and beauty, and was carefully educated by her parents.

According to royal law, the children of imperial families are not allowed to marry except among reigning families of other nations; therefore her hand was demanded by Louis XV. of France, for his grandson, the dauphin, who afterwards became Louis XVI.

She was married to Louis in 1770, before reaching her fifteenth birthday. Four years later Louis ascended the throne, and Marie Antoinette became Queen of France; but we nowhere learn that the exalted position detracted from her kindness of heart, her virtue, or religion.

During the early years of her life in Paris she became the idol of the French people. At one time, returning from church, where she had gone to offer thanks, the people wished to remove the horses from her carriage that they might draw her through the streets. She willingly gratified them; and history says they flung themselves upon their knees and rent the air with acclamations; for her grace and beauty, her acts of kindness and benevolence, won all hearts.

In her girlhood — if one married at fourteen may be said to have had a girlhood — she was laughing and merry, and accustomed to a court whose habits were much more simple than the stately manners of France; hence the ladies of her own court found some fault with her for her want of dignity and respect.

On one occasion, when riding a donkey, it fell with her; when one of her ladies came up she said, "Pray, madame, when the Queen and her donkey both tumble down together, which ought to be first to get up?"

But the days were coming when Marie Antoinette's dignity and courage, and all the higher, nobler qualities that form character were to be tried to the utmost, — a time when neither princes nor kings, nobles nor potentates, would complain that the Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France disgraced her position.

As the years of their reign went on, dangers gathered thick and fast around the French throne. The people were pressed on every side, and no one knew it or understood it better than the King himself.

Measures were taken, but the common people would not be satisfied. Against the King and Queen, with their ministers and attendants, was their wrath directed; and circumstances were against them. Bitter enemies plotted, and intrigues were many.

The Queen they had loved became now the object of their hatred. She was an Austrian, and their country was at war with Austria; so they said that she was planning against them.

The mob rushed to the royal palace shouting for the Queen. She came out upon a balcony with a daughter of twelve years and a son of six. But, "No children!" they cried; and Marie Antoinette stood alone, fully expecting to be shot, hoping thereby to appease them, and bring a measure of peace to her distracted family. The mob, however, desisted; and the King and Queen fled, but were arrested and imprisoned. Her husband was first condemned to death, and then her own trial came.

During the trial, which lasted seventy-two hours, she preserved great dignity and composure; and her replies to the infamous charges brought against her were worthy of a queen.

When asked if she had aught to say, she replied: "I was a queen, and you took away my crown; a wife, and you killed my husband; a mother, and you deprived me of my children. My blood alone remains: take it, but let me not suffer long."

October 16, 1793, she perished on the scaffold. But faint traces remained of her former beauty. Her hair had long since been blanched by grief, and her eyes were almost sightless from continual weeping; but she arose from her last prayer and calmly delivered herself to the executioner.

Marie Antoinette was the mother of four children, — two sons and two daughters. Of her eldest daughter Napoleon said, "She was the only man of the family."

Marie Antoinette died at the age of thirty-seven years, one of the brightest, best, and most unfortunate queens that ever graced the throne of France.

Our Letter-Box.

We are very glad to hear again from Master Seaver, and to receive the words of welcome from G. E. M.

Scituate, Mass., Sept. 18, 1886.

Dear Every Other Sunday, — I have written once before. It was in the first volume when I sent you my poem. When I first looked at the anagram in Vol. II., No. 1, I saw that the first three words were "Thou shalt not." Then I looked at the fourth word and found it was "steal." So it was "Thou shalt not steal." I have got the bound volume of Every Other Sunday, and like it very much. I wish it was "*Every* Sunday." I have a cat I call "Button." Whenever I say: "Roll over, Button," she rolls over and over. She will not scratch or bite strangers nor me. She is quite old, and does not play much. . . . I shall be nine next November.

Your loving friend,
William N. Seaver.

Augusta, Me., Sept. 20, 1886.

Editor Every Other Sunday. Dear Sir, — We are *all* glad to see your paper again, containing many good things, among the rest the fine engraving of the new and beautiful Unitarian Building. We also notice the "Old Testament Enigma," composed of ninety-nine letters. "The promise of God to Noah and his descendants" is, to wit: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

Very truly yours,
G. E. M.

ENIGMA III.

I am composed of 70 letters.

My 9, 25, 6, 1, was a prophet of Judah.

My 52, 31, 42, 8, 35, 25, 32, 10, was his employment before he was called to be a prophet.

My 14, 2, 4, 7, 21, was the city in which he lived.

My 62, 3, 19, 38, 18, 15, 20, 24, 25, was a famous town of Palestine which lay a few leagues north of that city.

My 62, 39, 22, 45, 63, 28, was a city to which the prophet went to prophecy.

The 13, 16, 46, 42, 37, 58, 42, 36, 64, of 17, 54, 42, 26, 31, 40, by the 59, 56, 57, 23, 42, 29, 32, 12, 54, was what he prophesied.

My 65, 11, 41, 60, 9, 44, 42, 27, was what he condemned in the people.

My 51, 65, 42, 63, he saw, in a vision, devouring the "great deep."

By a 62, 9, 57, 4, 2, 66, — 50, 51, — 56, 70, 25, 25, 3, 42, — 51, 42, 70, 17, 55, shown the prophet in another vision, was typified the nearness of the evil he prophesied.

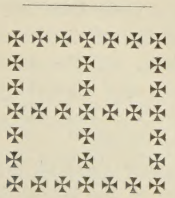
My 62, 2, 59, 42, my 61, 17, 48, 33, and my 67, 53, 42, 57, 31, are animals mentioned in the book written by this prophet.

My 51, 65, 35, 20, 67, 69, 53, 4, and my 54, 33, 26, 42, 63, also mentioned in his book, tell us how the Israelites caught their game.

My 5, 32, 42, 34, 46, 33, 56, and my 30, 17, 12, 15, 68, 59, 42, 43, 57, the prophet refers to, giving us some idea of his country.

My 49, 59, 27, and 10, 17, 47, 58, 19, the prophet speaks of as showing the power of that God he wished his people to worship.

My whole is an injunction this prophet gave his people, which every one should follow.



Cross. *Perpendicular:* One of the sons of David. *Horizontal:* What Ruth was allowed to do in the fields of Boaz. Square. *Upper line:* The progenitor of the Israelitish nation. *Right line:* A town lying, in the time of Jesus, on the shore of Galilee. *Left line:* The beautiful wife of Nabal, whom David afterwards married. *Lower line:* The name (reversed) of a descendant of Joktan (who was of the family of Shem), who is mentioned both in Genesis and Chronicles.

SOME PUZZLES.

1. Behead and curtail an important part of a farmer's establishment, and leave what helps to keep it sweet and pure.
2. Behead and curtail an adverb, and leave a personal pronoun.
3. Behead and curtail disgrace, and leave a kind of meat.
4. Behead and curtail what many people love too well, and leave a number.
5. Behead and curtail what tourists do, and leave what they are sometimes *tempted* to do when their plans are frustrated.
6. Behead and curtail a small table, and leave what the sun does for us in summer.
7. Behead and curtail a kind of grass, and leave something we all prize.
8. Behead and curtail a surgeon's instrument, and leave what highwaymen do.

X. Y. Z.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

21. What occupations did the early Israelites follow?
22. What animals did the shepherds keep?
23. What agricultural implements did the Israelites have?
24. What did they cultivate?
25. What were their houses?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN NO. 2.

"Little children, love one another."

For Youngest Readers.

CHARLEY'S PETS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY LUCY F. YOUNG.

I KNOW a little boy named Charley, who lives on a farm. It is a large farm, where there are horses, cows, pigs, hens, and chickens. Charley likes to watch the men milk the cows, and he likes to feed the chickens. He is a very busy and very helpful little boy, and has more pets than any boy I ever knew. I can't tell you where he got them, but there they are, and Charley loves them all, — four dogs and two kittens.

Three of his dogs are Skye terriers. One is named Tag, — a funny name, but he followed Charley's little sister about so much they called him "Tag." He has quite deserted Charley, but loves his sister because she feeds him. He follows her about all day, and goes to walk with her, and wants very much to sleep in her room. Tag's bed is in Charley's room, but very often when Charley is going to bed Tag is nowhere to be found. Charley whistles and calls, but no Tag comes. Tag is lying on the rug in the little sister's room, and pretends not to hear Charley calling for him. Charley finds him, and Tag has to leave the rug and go to his own bed. Tag has very long silky hair and very bright eyes. He is not very wise, although he can sit up. He is very careful of his long, handsome hair, for when Charley goes into the woods or any dirty place, Tag turns round and trots home.

Charley does not have to go into the woods alone if Tag does leave him, for both the other terriers are ready to follow. One named Kansas is a ladylike dog, with very curly hair. She likes to take a walk with Charley, but she won't sit up, and she won't shake hands. Charley does not teach her much; he is too busy with Captain Tasker.

Captain Tasker is Charley's third terrier. He is not as handsome a dog as Tag, for his hair is short and does not curl; but he is much smarter. He can sit up, and sits up very straight, and turns his head on one side and looks through the hair which hangs over his eyes, and seems to say, "Anything else you want me to do?" He will shake hands, and catch rats, and catch cats, too, if he can.

Charley's two kittens don't like Captain Tasker at all. One of them, Spot, a black-and-white one, always runs very fast when she sees him coming. The Wizard does not run, but spits at him, and Captain Tasker is afraid to touch her. She is called The Wizard because she is so very black and wise, — black all over, not one white hair, — and can sit up and shake hands just as well as any of the dogs. She is not afraid of Captain Tasker, because she knows that old Ben will protect her.

Old Ben is a great St. Bernard dog, who lives at the barn. He is too large to be allowed in the house, so he takes good care of the horses and cows at the stables, and he and The Wizard are great friends. Ben will wash the kitten, lapping her with his great tongue until she is as wet as if she had been in the water, and he won't let any dog hurt her.

One day Ben saw Captain Tasker running after The Wizard; so he ran very fast, and ran between her and Captain Tasker, and caught The Wizard in his mouth and brought her safely to the barn.

Captain Tasker was so ashamed to see how kind Ben was to The Wizard when he had been frightening her that he put his tail between his legs and followed Charley into the woods. Charley told him that he was very naughty; but he only wagged his tail a little, and looked very ready to chase her again.

Don't you think Ben is the best of all the dogs because he is so kind to The Wizard?

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

ELEPHANTS AS LONGSHOREMEN.

BY JOHN BARTLETT.

In Burmah grows much valuable timber, called teak-wood; it is as strong as oak and much more durable. It contains a resin which protects it from water and from insects; a vessel built of it will last a hundred years. This wood is one of the chief articles of trade with the Burmese. They cut, hew, and square it in the valley of the Salwin River, and when the wet season comes, they float it over the country to the river channel, and raft it down to the town of Maulmain. It was at the lumber-yards of this place that a friend of ours, a retired sea-captain, saw elephants working. They assist in moving the lumber; and it would be difficult for the Burmese — who are rather smaller than the women of this country — to handle it without their aid. These animals are as docile as they are strong and intelligent. A driver straddles the neck of each, and directs him almost entirely by movements of the heels; the voice is seldom used. Occasionally the rider carries a small whip.

The lumber is in pieces, varying in breadth and thickness from fifteen to thirty-five inches, and in length from thirty to fifty feet. The average weight of the pieces is one ton and a half.

Having hauled, by means of a breast-plate and chain-traces, a number of these logs from the river to the yard, the elephants proceed to pile them up, working in pairs, one at the opposite side of each pile. The first piece being placed in the proper direction, they roll in position a second, adjusting it carefully against the first by means of their tusks. A third stick is then rolled against the second; and each animal getting his ivory levers under an end, it is then, by a united effort, canted upon the second log, and pushed to its place upon the first. Thus they continue laying a few bottom pieces, then filling in the second row, and a third, fourth, and fifth tier to a height of eight or ten feet. In thus piling it up to its extreme height as they proceed, they cause the end of the pile at which they are at work to present a series of five steps. Upon these, the elephants partly mount, in adjusting the higher pieces. Occasionally a log is too heavy to be handled by two workers. In this case, a third is brought to their assistance, lifting between the two.

Sailors, and workmen generally, when a great weight is to be moved, requiring the united exertion of all, use an exclamation by which each may know when the simultaneous effort is to be made. So, frequently, when these animals are about to make an extraordinary effort to raise a weight which has baffled them, the oldest and strongest "screams like a locomotive," — an utterance indicative of an energy which never disappoints.

In moving the timber from the yard to the river for shipment the elephants are again used. They draw a log endwise down into the water as far as the shelving shore will permit them; then going to the other end, they launch it by pushing and lifting with their tusks. Before the lumber is piled in the yards, the ends left rough by the axe are sawed off. These refuse pieces are carried by the elephants and thrown into a pile, by means of their trunks, much as one carries a large bundle under the arm.

Besides the use of their tusks and proboscis, they have another manner of exerting their strength. One of the heavily laden lighters belonging to a ship grounded, and fifty natives were unable to launch it into deep water. An elephant was then marched up to the boat. Seeming to comprehend at once what was required of him, he placed his extended snout against the gunwale, and pushed, without success. A man desiring to push something, as a table, from him, might first use his extended fingers; failing thus, he might push with the palm of the hand, and then with the elbow. So the beast, unable to move the boat with his outstretched trunk, bent it, using only its upper two thirds, and failing thus, he still further shortened the instrument by which his strength was applied. Not then succeeding, he with a determined air let fall his trunk, and placing his forehead against the gunwale, and making a tremendous effort, he sent the boat far out in the stream, sinking himself deep in the mud.

The tusks of an animal long worked are worn as flat as the hand on the upper surface.

There were commonly six elephants working in each yard, and in the several yards about Maulmain more than one hundred were employed. They are kept in open sheds and fed upon grass and paddy, — unhusked rice. They are worth $750 apiece; one may be hired for fifty dollars a month. The elephants are not reared by the natives: they do not bear young in captivity. In explanation of this fact, the Burmese confidently state that the elephants prefer to be without offspring, rather than to have them enslaved. It is not to be wondered at that these men are willing to attribute so much intelligence to the elephant, since a species of this animal is regarded by them with superstitious veneration. A white elephant is their second dignitary of state. He is kept with religious care, and has a cabinet of ministers about him.

The elephants are captured with the aid of the tamed animals, acting as decoys, in which part they manifest surprising shrewdness and treachery.

It is against the religious principles of the Burmese to destroy a domestic animal for food; yet if an elephant dies all hasten to secure a choice bit of the carcass.

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

We give our readers in this number of Every Other Sunday a fine engraving of one of the most famous paintings in the world. This is the beautiful picture now in the Dresden Gallery, painted by Titian, and known as the Christ of the Tribute Money. Read again the familiar story as recorded in Mark xii. 13–17. The moment chosen by the artist is just after Jesus, pointing to the coin in the Pharisee's hand, has asked, "Whose image and superscription is this?" But the picture tells its own story. What a coarse and cunning face the Pharisee has! How contemptible he looks as he seeks to trap Jesus in his speech! For the Pharisees wanted him either to speak some word in favor of Cæsar, so that the Jews, who hated the Romans, would despise him, or to say something *against* the Emperor, so that they could give him into the hands of Pilate, the Roman governor.

It was a low, wicked plot; and, while Jesus saw through it at a glance, it made him sad to think that his own people, and especially those who claimed to be the most religious people, should be willing to act so basely. This accounts for the expression on the face of Jesus. It is not merely a "mild, refined, and intellectual head" that we see here, but a face that is grandly compassionate. Jesus pities the men whose conduct excites his holy indignation.

There is hardly any other ideal portrait of the Saviour that is on the whole so satisfactory as this. It makes us feel the tenderness and the manliness of Jesus. He stands before us as one who is mighty to overcome evil with good, yet who is also as gentle and loving as a mother, and rebukes wrong-doers as a mother reproves the child whom she is sorry for.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

BY A. K.

Clara had come to stay during the month of October with her Uncle Frank. She had never been on a farm before, and was delighted with the novelty; but she appreciated most the large melon-patch in his garden. He said to her, answering her words of admiration, "Yes, it is a good melon year. All my neighbors have an abundance, and I have never had finer ones."

"I should think you would be afraid that some one would steal them," said she.

"Oh, no," he replied, patting his big yellow dog on the head, for the creature was, as usual, as close to his master as possible; "Bose always takes care of everything." And the dog wagged his stump of a tail, and looked as if he understood that his master was praising him.

That night the worthy farmer was disturbed by the noise the dog made, barking and growling. However, as he was tired with his day's work, he did not even look out of his window, but dropped asleep again, trusting the protection of his house and garden to his faithful old dog.

At dawn he awoke, refreshed with a night's sleep, and went, as usual, to his barn to care for his cattle. On his way he passed his large wagon, which he had left out in the yard. To his surprise, Bose was lying close by the wagon, as though he were watching it; and on coming nearer, the farmer discovered that it was filled with all kinds of melons, — great smooth-skinned water-melons, rough little nutmeg-melons, and long yellow musk-melons.

He hurried into his garden. Not one was gone from his own bed; but somebody's melons were heaped into his wagon. It was evident that Bose could not have been the thief; and though he could not tell who had brought the fruit, he had guarded his master's property. He had allowed the thieves to put the melons into the wagon; but when they attempted to drag it off with its contents, the faithful old watch-dog concluded that it was time for him to interfere. They might put the melons where they chose, but they could not take anything out of his master's wagon.

The farmer called his wife and Clara to look and laugh and to pet the good dog; and he then sent for his neighbors to come and take possession of their property, if they cared for it.

Bose looked so wise, as the story was told again and again, that Clara said she knew he understood all that was said in his praise, especially when his master repeated, "I can always trust the care of my property to my faithful Bose." And Clara added, "Dogs are better than some men, for they never steal unless they are hungry; and the boys who tried to get the melons stole for the fun of stealing. Queer idea of fun, is n't it, Uncle?"

MY SERMON.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

I AM not going to tell you a story this time. I am going to tell you a sermon. I am not, however, going to *preach* you a sermon. That is quite another thing. I am going to tell what happened to me when I was a school-girl about sixteen years old. Perhaps the same thing will happen to you. Let us hope it will, for it has been a comfort my life long.

The day was one of those perfect June days. It was Sunday morning, and the long walk to a church in another town was delightful. All the trees and shrubs had come out in June costumes, and no shade of green is half so pretty or half so becoming to them as that. The pastures and lawns were looking like velvet. The birds had finished their nest-building, and resting from their work, were singing just as loudly and joyously as they knew how. The little chipmunks ran across the road, perfectly fearless, and cocking their heads seemed to say, "Don't you wish you could?" and then jump, till I did wish I could. The sun was bright, the heaven blue, the walk shady and cool, with a fresh west wind. Could anything be more perfect?

The minister announced his text, "This is the day which the Lord has made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." "Oh," thought I, "that 's just the text for to-day! It must have been written for just such a perfect day." I dare say you have often read it or heard it read. You will find it in the old book of Psalms, and you will see how good old King David loved the day which God had made. I knew the text well; but somehow I had always understood it a little backward, — put the cart before the horse, as we sometimes say. I had always made the day fit the text, and this good minister told us to make the text fit the day and all days. He told us that David sung of the goodness of the Lord, and that every day was the day He had made. Was n't it queer that I had never thought of it till then? Is n't it queer, if, perhaps, you have never thought of it till now?

But now we will think of it. Every day that the good Father sends us is the day He has made. His sun rises and sets. He loves His children all. And because He is good, His days are good. Because He has made them, we are to rejoice and be glad in them.

Perhaps it is a pouring rain, and our plans are spoiled. Perhaps we don't see any reason to rejoice. Are our plans more than His? Is n't it better that old Widow Connor should get a full water barrel when she needs it for her support; that the ground should get the water to feed the thousands of little rootlets, stretching out here and there, almost dead with thirst; that the little brook should swell, till rippling over the stones it runs to give a helping hand to the bigger one that supplies the great city with water, — than that our little, selfish wishes should be gratified? And so with all days; they are the days the "Lord has made." Let us remember this when we wake in the morning. Let us say it quite out aloud. And do not let us forget the last half, — "We will rejoice and be glad in it."

I think we shall always do this if we remember that 't is not the days we call perfect alone that He has made. He has made them stormy and bright, cold and hot, moist and dry. But He has made them; and let us all resolve from this minute onward, each day "we will rejoice and be glad in it."

This is my sermon. I have told it. Dear Mr. Bowen preached it many years ago. He knows now, what he believed then, that God's work is good; and each day, if days he knows, he "rejoices and is glad in it."

"GOD fails not to find a house for the most worthless, and the nest for the most restless of birds."

What confidence this should give us! How we should rest! What repose the soul finds that casts itself on the watchful, tender care of Him who provides so fully for the need of all his creatures! We know what the expression of "nest" conveys, just as well as that of "a house." Is it not a place of security, a shelter from storm, a covert to hide one's self in from every evil, a protection from all that can harm, "a place to rest in, to nestle in, to joy in?"

Teachers' Department.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

ALL our city Sunday-schools are at last open, and have entered with zeal on the work of another year. As the duration of the term is now generally shortened from the middle of October to about the end of May, these seven and a half months should be a time of faithful study and uninterrupted effort.

AT the school of the Second Church, Boston, a "new departure" has been made. A carefully elaborated *graded system of study* will hereafter be followed. The pastor, Rev. E. A. Horton, believes that the best results will come from the use of such a system, wherein groups of studies are offered for each division of the pupils, with text-books indicated among which each teacher may select the one preferred. Reference-books are also mentioned in connection with each group of lesson-topics.

THE Unitarian Sunday-school at West Newton well illustrates the advantages that the one-topic lesson system offers. The whole school are studying this year "The Teachings of Jesus." For the infant classes short and simple lessons are prepared each week, and given out at the teachers' meeting. These meetings are held weekly, and the earnestness and enthusiasm of the pastor, who conducts them, are already inspiring the pupils as well as their teachers. The spectacle of an entire school engaged under their pastor's guidance in the animated study of the ethical and spiritual truths of the Gospel is truly refreshing in these days when so much is said about the difficulty of interesting the young in religion.

THE Arlington Unitarian Sunday-school continues to prosper under Mr. Ceiley's devoted superintendency and the co-operation of Rev. Mr. Forbes, the pastor of the church. On October 10, the school had the largest attendance of pupils it has ever had. This school encourages its members to go regularly to church. Over three fourths of those who are connected with the school attend the church service every Sunday.

AT the recent session of the general convention of the Episcopal Church a resolution recommending that thorough instruction in a graded course be introduced into Sunday-schools was received with much favor, nearly one half the delegates voting for it. The International One-Lesson scheme has never been approved by Episcopalians, many of whom believe that the church through the Sunday-school should give systematic religious instruction to the young.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

[IN this department it will be the Editor's aim to give thoughtful and suggestive replies to such questions as Sunday-school workers, both pupils and teachers, may send to him. Address, Editor of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

What is the best time for learning new tunes?

This is a matter that has puzzled many other superintendents besides this inquirer. No general rule can be laid down. In one school we know of, five or ten minutes are given to singing new tunes before the opening of the school session. This works well. It does n't interrupt the regular order of the exercises, or take time that is needed for other things. Besides, this kind of short "praise-meeting" is a good preparation for the worship that follows.

Shall we catalogue our reference-books separately from the reading books?

This query is from a librarian who is soon to prepare a new catalogue for her Sunday-school library. Our answer is: Yes, by all means. It only confuses children's minds to find books for teachers and adults mentioned in the same list with the books they are to read themselves. A three-fold division, something like the three classes, A, B, and C, in the Book-Table of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, is a good working plan, to be modified in detail according to the requirements of each school.

Were the Sunday-schools established by Robert Raikes the same as "Ragged Schools"?

The correspondent who sends us this question has heard some such declaration made as the query implies. But it is an historical error to confound these two kinds of schools. Robert Raikes established Sunday-schools in 1781. His object was to check the "profanation of the Sabbath" on the part of children, and to teach them to read. The Sunday-school as we now have it is a later development of Raikes's idea, with the teaching restricted to moral and religious truths. *Ragged Schools* first appeared in England about 1820. John Pounds, the Portsmouth shoemaker, established the first school of this sort; but the new institution made little progress until 1845, when the Rev. Dr. Guthrie published his famous book, entitled "A Plea for Ragged Schools." From the outset these schools were a kind of Industrial Evening School designed to keep vagrant children from vice and crime by teaching them self-help and fitting them to earn a living.

How should money be raised for the support of a Sunday-school?

A superintendent makes this inquiry. Our answer is: The best way — which ought to be the usual way — is for the parish to give all the money that is needed for carrying on the school. *The Sunday-school is the church acting in its capacity as the religious teacher and moral helper of the young.* The money required for this educational work should be regarded as part of the regular and necessary expenses of the church. Let the children be trained in the school to generous giving; but let their gifts be devoted to worthy charities. Unless a temporary necessity compels a school to an exceptional course of action, do not have Sunday-school fairs or other entertainments to pay the current expenses. These expenses belong to the church to defray as much as the cost of the music or of the preaching, or the care of the church building.

Our Book Table.

[Special Note. — This Department of Every Other Sunday will continue to be under the immediate supervision of the Editor. He will be assisted this year by several friends competent to review the books that are sent to the paper. No notice will appear in these columns that the Editor cannot indorse as having been written by some one who has read the book and has pronounced judgment upon it with fairness and impartiality.]

Note. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 *Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.*

Class B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

The Little Master. By J. T. Trowbridge. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 230. Price, $1.25.

Just the book to delight the boys. A story of school life in the Mt. Dustan District, where the teacher believed in the rule of Right, and wanted that to govern the school; but when disobedience asserted itself, the "Little Master" proved that he could govern a school as well as teach it.

M. T.

The Story of Spain. By Edward Everett Hale and Susan Hale. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 407. Price, $1.50.

This book is the sixth of the series, "The Story of the Nations," now being published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons. All the volumes have been excellent, and "The Story of Spain" will be found as interesting as any of the others. Mr. Hale and his sister are true to their usual custom of inciting their readers to wider reading. The "Conquest of Granada," the "Story of the Cid," and Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," will at once come to mind, and happy will the youthful readers be who open the covers of these books for the first time. "The Story of Spain" is carefully indexed, and the illustrations, maps, type, and general appearance of the book can be highly commended.

G. P.

City Cousins: A Story for Children. By Mrs. W. J. Hays, author of "Prince Lazybones," "A Domestic Heroine," etc. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 217. Price, $1.00.

This is an interesting story, well and naturally told. Its influence is wholly for good, and we cordially commend it.

G. P.

King Frost: The Wonders of Snow and Ice. By Mrs. Thorpe. With seventy illustrations. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 224. Price, 90 cts.

The title of this book would lead one to expect much science between its covers, but that is not the case. The "science" occupies a small part of the book, the rest being filled with anecdotes of Arctic explorations, mountain travel in the region of perpetual snow, stories of Iceland, the amusements that belong to winter, etc. The book is written for young people, and is well written; the illustrations are excellent, and the binding is attractive.

G. P.

Through Unknown Ways; or, The Journal Books of Mrs. Dorothea Studley. By Lucy Ellen Guernsey. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 406. Price, $1.50.

This is an historic story of the time of James the Second. It gives a graphic description of the way young people were brought up in those days, and also a glimpse of the Court life. The bitter religious feeling which then existed is very clearly brought out.

L. W.

Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott. Roberts Brothers: Boston. pp. 365. Price, $1.50.

One takes up this latest book of a dearly loved author with something of a thrill, remembering the delights of her "Little Women." Nor is this book wanting in that subtile charm that can make both old and young laugh and cry heartily over its absurd yet delicious nonsense and its tender pathos. Perhaps Miss Alcott's greatest power lies in her ability to move and influence young minds without the least trace of preaching or undue working upon the sensibilities. As one careless child confessed in a rare moment of confidence, "She makes me feel as if I wanted to be good after this." Blessed be the influence that moves all hearts toward the higher life, and long may the kindly pen weave its spell of sunshine and helpfulness for young and old!

K. B.

Class C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

Miss Ellis's Mission. By Mary P. W. Smith. Boston: American Unitarian Association. pp. 199. Price, in cloth, 50 cents; in paper, 25 cents.

"How far that little candle throws its beams," is the one thought that must come to all readers of "Miss Ellis's Mission.

Miss Ellis was an invalid for many years, and by her deafness isolated from human companionship; but she found an opportunity through the "Post-Office Mission" of gratifying the one great wish of her life, namely, to carry to others the blessed religious faith which had been her joy and her strength. She passed to the higher life Dec. 27, 1885; and this book, which is written as a memorial of her, is made up largely of extracts from her letters and diary. The little volume should be in the hands of every Sunday-school teacher, and a copy placed in every Sunday-school library; for it inspires one to try to live, and help others to live, a noble life.

M. T.

Questioners must be teachable. When Haydn was in London, a nobleman came to him for lessons in music, but found fault with all that Haydn said.

At last, out of patience, the musician exclaimed, "I see, my lord, that it is you who are so good as to give lessons to me, and I am obliged to confess that I do not merit the honor of having such a master."

Do not suppose that Wisdom is so much flattered at having you for a pupil that she will set you easy lessons, and yet give you the gold medal.

A lady once said to Turner, when he was painting, "Why do you put such extravagant colors into your pictures? I never see anything like them in nature."

"Don't you wish you did, madam?" It was a sufficient answer. He saw them, if she did not.

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